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" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE MINERVA.

### BEN PIE, OR THE INDIAN MURDERER

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Concluded.)

Two or three weeks ago I left the Mohawks with four or five of my tribe to pay a visit to the Oneidas; they had among them a young Indian Chief by the name of Norack, famous for his courage and the great deeds he had done; he had just married a pretty squaw called Sombruna, and as it is usually the case on such an occasion, rejoicings of various kinds took place in the evening. The rum was flowing in abundance: I drank freely; talked, argued, and finally disputed with the groom; when Norack, who began also to feel too much for his own good the power of that perfidious liquor, with which you white men destroy the poor Indians: Norack, the unfortunate Norack, without any provocation on my part, gave me a slap on the face; an insult that we Indians never forgive. After having committed this rude act, the young Mohawk laughed at me for putting up with the insult. But he was wrong; the slap burnt deeply on my cheek; I thought it, however, best not to interrupt the festival with my anger; but some time after, seeing Norack seated on a log with his bride, I stepped behind them; threw my left arm around his neck, and placing my breast against his right arm, pinioned him fast. I then drew my knife, and placing my mouth to the ear of that ill-fated man, I whispered Ben Pie sends back to your heart that slap you gave me on the face; and with a powerful blow buried the whole knife in his breast. I then drew it out streaming with blood, gave a whoop, and disappeared with the swiftness of the deer; though before my retreat I saw Sombruna fall a lifeless corse on the body of her husband.

The Oneidas, as I was informed by one of my friends, sat in counsel immediately, and selected Red Fox, a brother of Norack, and Crow, an Indian, bold, daring, intrepid, and famous for his knowledge of the country and his speed, to avenge the death of Norack.—Before they departed on their mission, an old chief, who was one of their prophets, addressed them in the following words: "Young children of the forest, this night our right eye has been taken from us; a chief of the Onei-

das has been basely murdered; you know our law—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; it is a good law—a just law. Children, you are the instruments the Great Spirit has directed us to select to fulfil this law; go, the Great Spirit will protect you; seek the murderer from the rising till the setting of the sun, for many moons until you return with his scalp."

Red Fox and Crow departed immediately through the desert with such rapidity and zeal, that the moment Ben had finished his narrative, they knocked at the door of the room in which the Colonel, his frightened lady, and Ben were sitting. They asked for admission, and, at the same time, they were heard in a low voice to command their dogs, who smelt the murderer, to be still. Ben drew his knife, and putting his back against the door, seemed determined to defend it to the last extremity; but the Colonel, more prudent than the man of the forest, answered to the call of the two Indians that he was coming, and losing no time to save if possible the life of one who once had saved his own, he took the candle and placed it in the trembling hand of his wife, and pointing to a door on the east side of the room, he told her to light Ben through the entry to the eastern parlour and to let him out by the back window. His request being complied with, he made a sign to Ben to follow his wife, and as Ben passed by him he grasped his hand and shook it with the warmest gratitude. Ben being safe, the Colonel opened the front door, where he found the two Indians whom he had previously met in the yard: they had with them two dogs, one resembling a wolf, and the other a terrier. The Colonel asked them in their own language what they wanted. They said their dogs had chased Ben Pie to his door, and they wanted to know if he could tell them where he was. To which the Colonel replied that an Indian came to his house a little while before, and had asked for food, and after having obtained it, left the house and had been seen by a black man to hide himself in the well. They immediately went to the well and began to throw down monstrous stones, but to no purpose; they fell in the water without meeting any obstruction, and being finally convinced that no one was there, they made for the barn. On their way thither, their big dog, whose name was Yacano, caught again the scent of Ben's track.

The chase commenced, but the stratagem of the Colonel had given Ben a considerable start of his pursuers: Ben, after having jump-

ed out of the back window, crawled around the barn, and laid his course in a south-easterly direction, across a miry piece of meadow land; and clearing all the obstacles in his way, he soon reached the margin of the Papskina creek; an arm of the Hudson, which branches off about two miles below Albany, and continues in a south-easterly direction until within about a hundred yards below the place where our Indian stood. He instantly threw himself head foremost into the water, and would soon have reached the opposite shore if his progress had not been checked by something that seemed to pull his blanket; he turned his head round and plainly distinguished the sparkling eyes of Yacano, who was endeavoring to draw him back to the place of his departure. "Poor old dog," said Ben, "I am sorry for you, but you must die," and with one blow of his tomahawk he fractured his skull. Yacano howled once and sunk to rise no more, carrying Ben's hatchet with him, and leaving a pure crimson stream behind him. Ben having landed, listened a moment and heard distinctly his pursuers urging on the terrier to pursue his track, but thinking himself safe, he could not help giving a whoop, after which he precipitately left the shore.

Our unfortunate Indian, having crossed a meadow, met a small stream issuing from a ridge of rocks almost opposite the Patquaheck; and, following its course through a dark and contracted ravine, he reached the foot of a precipice, over which the water formed an elegant cascade. The beauty of the place would have excited in a peaceful mind, very different sensations from those that pressed incessantly on the troubled conscience of Ben. He only looked for safety and defence; a rock projecting over the fall of water offered him, he thought a well adapted retreat, and in an instant he ascended to it. On this lonely rock stood an oak, quite hollow, covered with moss, and entirely bereft by time of its head, formerly covered with verdant foliage. Ben leaned against it to rest his exhausted frame. It was then midnight; the wind sighed mournfully through the surrounding evergreens, and the torrent which running over the rock was foaming with fury, when arrived on the flat below, expressed only a warbling murmur among the stones covering its surface; all was quiet and silent in this lonely refuge; but it was not so with Ben. He could plainly distinguish the Indians on the top of the Patquaheck extinguishing their bon-fire, and throwing the burning pine knots into the Hudson with repeated exclamations of hilarity; the distant sounds of which he heard in the silent pauses of the north-west gale. He could not help comparing their innocent amusements to the torments of his soul, and condemn the false honour which had excited him to spill the blood of a fellow being. Ben, though a savage, was not destitute of honest feelings; he was violent, and in the first ef-

fect of his wrath, almost similar to the wildest beast of the forest, but when his passion was over, he could reason and acknowledge his wrong: had education tempered his native manners, he would have been a good man.

"Here I am," said he to himself, "like a roebuck when pursued by hunters, or a night owl perched on a tree, while on the other side of that creek, over which I have been swimming like a dog, all is pleasure and contentment. Oh wicked rum, you have done it—yes, it is that poison of the white men that has lit the flame of vengeance in my breast; had it not been for it, my fists alone should have challenged Norack. I should not have brought upon me the punishment of our law, and Ben Pie would still be a respected chief among his people. Oh white men! your powder and your fire arms have never inflicted more woes upon us than your liquor!" He then thought he heard his pursuers in the ravine, and ascending the other side, he bent his course to the north along the summit of a rocky ridge. But his perturbed mind saw every where his enemies, and more than once the screeching of the owl, or the howling of some wild animal was mistaken by him for the terrible yell of Red Fox and Crow. He soon, however, arrived at another precipice more awful than the first, and having descended into it, he recollected that he was in the well-known hollow on the north side of which was the Indian path leading to the southward, through which the Mohawks were formerly in the habit of going to the sea-board to collect the tribute of dried clams and wampum annually sold to those fierce warriors by the poor fishing tribes, the principal of which were the Mannhattans and the Montawks; the first being the proprietors of the island of New-York, and the other of Long Island.

Ben had visited this place more than once, either as a warrior, or as a hunter, and had not forgotten that once in pursuing a deer from a salt lick on the top of the hill, the poor creature taking a leap into the cavity, fell dead at the bottom. He entered that place with confidence, having no idea that he could ever be discovered in so dark and damp a recess, from which the rays of the sun are excluded by the thick foliage of innumerable hemlocks, extending their branches from the two embankments and forming a perfect canopy over its whole extent. This cavity formed a narrow pass about fifty rods long, and terminated by a perpendicular precipice about two hundred feet, from which a number of calcareous rocks, integrated with beds of slate, frequently detached themselves. With his usual daring, Ben climbed to the middle of this precipice, and seated himself on a large rock, the upper part of which by its looseness convinced him that with a little exertion it could be hurled from its resting place. He thought if his enemies came from below, he could ascend to the top, and by the Indian path go to the southward; or if they came from a-

bove, he could descend into the hollow, recross the Papskina, and seek safety on the other side of the Hudson.

"The Indians," says Robertson, "are accustomed to disingenuous subtilty in all their transactions. The force of this is increased by habits which they acquire in carrying on the two most interesting operations wherein they are engaged: with them, war is a system of craft, in which they trust for success to stratagem more than to open force, and have their invention continually on the stretch to circumvent and surprise their enemies. As hunters, it is their constant object to ensnare, in order that they may destroy. Accordingly, art and cunning have been universally observed as distinguishing characteristics of all savages. Impenetrably secret in forming their measures, they pursue them with a patient undeviating attention, and there is no refinement of dissimulation which they cannot employ in order to ensure success." The place which Ben had selected for his retreat, confirms what this author has observed on the peculiar cunning and ingenuity of the native Americans. Our unhappy Indian, worn down by fatigue, had, as it has already been mentioned, seated himself on a rock projecting from one of the sides of the precipice, having calculated that from that position he could either ascend, or descend, or defend himself as it would best answer his views; his measures were well taken, and he could have indulged a moment's rest had not a guilty heart and a reproaching conscience harassed his mind. The horrid deed which deprived him of the society of his friends, of his family, and of the innocent pleasures he enjoyed in his nation, was continually preying on his mind. The murdered Norack was for ever before his eyes; he imagined he heard him groaning in the agony of death; the last cries of Sombruna continually vibrated in his ear; he saw her expiring at the side of her husband; and so horrid were his sensations so poignant his remorse, that he did not notice a dreadful storm which was gathering over his head. Vivid flashes of lightning shot through the hollow, and one of them entirely illumined that awful abyss—he discovered that his vigilant pursurers, guided by their faithful dog were directly below him. Crow immediately attempted to climb the steep: Ben felt for his knife, but he had lost it in crossing the creek; he then looked for his tomahawk; but he recollected that it had sunk in the water with Yacano, and collecting at that perilous crisis all the strength of his nervous arm, he raised from its base the upper part of the rock on which he had been sitting, and pitching it over, it carried along with its fall an immense quantity of loose slate and hardened clay:—Crow, Red Fox, and their dog were all buried under the enormous mass; their faint and smothered groans, mingled with the howling storm, reached the ears of Ben, who could not

help rejoicing at the success of his stratagem.

Having gained the top of the hill, he gave a terrible fiend-like yell, and flew to the southward, by the old Indian path, which he had trodden under more joyful circumstances. He expected to enjoy more tranquillity among the fishing tribes on the sea board, but no where could he find that peace and happiness which innocence and virtue can alone procure even to a *Savage*.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

### THE SHOOTING MATCH.

On a beautiful eminence amidst a romantic collection of shade trees, in the mild climate of the Mississippi, was situated the house of Mr. Bloomfield and his family. He was blest with a lovely daughter and a son; the former, Eliza, whose beauty was only exceeded by her sweet disposition, was not less courted, than her brother Robert was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

As Eliza one day rambled in the neighboring woods in search of her brother, who had left her for the purpose of finding wild fruit; in a collection of brush-wood that was near, she heard the rush of a large animal with its roar, as if in the act of approaching where she stood. She started, and turning beheld a huge bear in the heat of attacking her. She trembled, and flying precipitately through the forest at length fell exhausted. So great was her fright, she knew not where she was, or what had happened: till roused by the report of a gun; gazing wildly, she perceived the monster, bloody and infuriated, fall dead within a few paces of the spot where she had sunk.

Eliza cast her eyes to heaven with an air of gratitude, and stretching out her arms for the purpose of bringing her hands together, as we do when under the influence of the passions, in her transport shut in her palms the hand of a stranger who had pressed forward to raise her.

"Lovely young woman," said he, "fear not—I will protect you; the horrid animal is no more! 'Twas I, passing on a hunt, and seeing your danger, that brought him to the ground with my rifle."

"Generous youth," said the charming girl, "I owe you my life! Take me to my father's house—he will delight in the preserver of his child."

The stranger supported her, and taking up his gun, they proceeded through the woods to the house. As soon as they reached the habitation of the fair Eliza, they were met by a genteel young beau, who had for sometime past visited the family, and was believed by most spectators, to be in love with the young lady. His name was Lovel. As soon as he perceived the stranger, he accosted him in these words:

"Sir, I request you will permit me to converse with you—I request to know your name,

and where you became acquainted with that young lady ?

To which the stranger replied :

"My name is Charles Sherwood ; and I glory in saying that I had the happiness of doing a noble action at the moment I saved the life of the sweetest girl my eyes ever beheld."

"What !" interrupted Lovel, "you saved Eliza's life ?"

"Alas ! I fear I saved it to put my own in danger—for without her I cannot live."

Lovel perceived he had a rival, and suffered so much from the agitation of his feelings, that he called for his horse and took leave of the family. Mr. Bloomfield was much pleased with the noble countenance and manly form of Sherwood ; and when he learned the danger from which he had rescued Eliza, he almost was tempted to give her to him in marriage immediately. Mr. Sherwood was of a respectable family, and had been well educated ; and he only wanted a partner in life worthy of him to make his happiness complete. No sooner had Eliza reached home, than after calling the young stranger her deliverer and preserver, she retired to her mother's arms in another apartment, to assuage and tranquilize her feelings. In a few moments her brother, Robert, hastened in, with apparent delight depicted in his countenance, and announced that he had a few minutes before, seen a friend who told him there was to be a great shooting-match, on the day following, at "Hunter's field," an open plain with a small village near it, that on former occasions had been used as a place for such sport. These "shooting-matches," as they were called, were superintended by the best marksmen in the country, and were instituted among the earliest settlers of many new territories of the west, for the purpose of bringing rifle-shooting to perfection, in order, the better to repel the savages. The prize was generally a fat beef, which, when the sport was over, was given to the best shot, who, after the whole ox was barbecued was elevated for the day to the presidential chair at a large table laid under the spreading oaks.

Robert's joy at hearing the noble behaviour of the young stranger, was extreme ; and he requested he would on the morrow, accompany him to the looked-for sport. The gentle young man assented, and their guns were to be put in order on the instant. Sherwood was requested to spend the night with the Bloomfields, (a custom very usual on the Mississippi,) and Eliza, in the evening, having recovered from her fright, appeared most lovely. As they were sitting in conversation, a slave entered with a letter and presented it to Mr. Bloomfield. It was from Lovel ; and couched in these terms :—

"MY DEAR SIR—To-morrow I shall be at the shooting-match, where I have made a large bet that I will bear off the prize. I request you will attend, and as you know I never yet

allowed myself to be surpassed in skill at any thing, I wish you to have the pleasure of witnessing my success. This, I trust, will, without doubt, persuade you to grant the request I have made of the charming Eliza ; as I have heard you declare you would give your daughter to no man who could not excel in shooting—for you are of opinion it is the noblest art in the world ; as I have frequently heard you say, had it not been that you excelled yourself at a mark, in former days, Bloomfield-hall would have often been without food. I shall dream of my prize the whole night, and pray that to-morrow's dawn may crown my hopes. LOVEL."

Mr. Bloomfield, at the request of his daughter, read it aloud ;—while Sherwood secretly prayed that the trial moment had arrived.

"Yes, my father," said Robert, "since a rifle saved the life of my sister, a rifle shall always be found to support it. Mr. Lovel prides himself much on his close shooting, but to-morrow will prove how just are his boastings."

Eliza had gazed on Sherwood with emotions she had never before experienced for any one ; she was then only in her sixteenth year, and the child of innocence, and having spent most of her life at her father's, and in some degree retired from what is called the fashionable world, the passion of love, till her acquaintance with young Sherwood, had been an exile from her mind. Soon after they had discoursed on the subject of Lovel's letter, the night growing old, the family with their guest retired to rest. In the morning, the marksmen mounted their horses and set out for the scene of the day. As they rode along, almost every one they saw was going on the same pleasure : and each keen-eyed rifleman bore in his visage all that ardour so much remarked in the high-blood race-horse, as he stamps the trembling earth with impatience. Arriving near a grove of pines by the way-side, Robert perceived a large bird cut the air and perch on a branching limb near the top of a lofty tree. He requested his friend would show a specimen of his good shooting ; to which Sherwood replied in these terms :

"It is a hawk of the largest kind—his shyness causes him to perch on the tallest tree he can find. I will shoot—and if, when he falls, you do not see his head divided, I forfeit all claims to a license at the shooting-match."

The polished rifle was laid on the manly cheek of the noble youth, and touching the hair-trigger with the ease of a zephyr, the huge monarch of the feathered tribe was seen to reel amidst the branches—while the delighted Robert and his father exclaiming, "He comes ! he comes !" with a hollow crash weltered on the ground. Half of the head was gone ; at which the old gentleman exclaimed : "So may our marksmen divide the heads of tyrants !" They proceeded, and soon came in

sight of "Hunter's field," where the whole strength of the country for miles around, seemed collected. Here were to be seen leather jackets, and hunting shirts—men that had never in their lives worn a shoe except that of a deer skin—and men that had never seen a city—smoky hunters, who could speak no other tongue than that of the Chickasaw or Cherokee Indians—boys of twelve years raging with desire—and dandies who had never aimed at any thing larger than a snipe. The shooting had commenced, and Mr. Bloomfield soon perceived Lovel among the crowd. He had shot several times, but always had the ill luck to be surpassed. Most of the noted shots had appeared on the ground, but none had the expertness to decide the fate of the day. Sherwood fired, and pierced the mark in the centre. All eyes were on him, and wondering at such skill in so young a man, several marks of unusual description were held for him; all of which he made his balls meet in the greatest nicety. The beef was proclaimed his—and with three cheers he was hailed chief of the marksmen. Lovel stood abashed, and stung to the quick; vexed, and thinking there yet might be fortune in a chance shot, he proposed that he and Sherwood should have a trial—and that the latter should name the object to be fired at. Mr. Bloomfield and Robert were all anxiety, for they had conceived an exalted idea of the young marksman, and in reality wished he might gain the affections of Eliza, and become her husband. Lovel was aware that he could please the father in many ways; but, he also knew that the old gentleman had discovered his weak side; which was that propensity, in many persons so common, of trying to appear far greater in many things than he really was. This, Mr. Bloomfield could never bear—and on that account, did not think he would make as good a husband as the young female merited. Lovel calling the father aside, said to him:

"You know my wealth, my respectability, my good education and disposition—and you must be conscious that you could not on any of those important points, refuse Eliza to me.—You wish that I should let no one excel me in shooting—and this is the reason you have declared no man shall have your daughter that is not an adept in the art. I will now try with Mr. Sherwood; and request you to say if he who best shoots shall have the lovely girl?"

Mr. Bloomfield made no hesitation to comply with his request, and the news was conveyed to Sherwood with the most heart-felt joy. Sherwood proposed a lighted candle, to be snuffed at eighty paces—which the trembling Lovel, never thinking how difficult a shot he would have to make, turned pale at hearing. He was requested to shoot first, and broke the candle two inches below the blaze, which, falling, was extinguished. It was again adjusted, with a long blaze. Sherwood fired, and neat-

ly snuffed it, as if by a fairy. Lovel fainted in the arms of an attendant, who instantly bore him from the ground. Shout succeeded shout, and the day was spent in the greatest carousal. It was concluded on, that young Sherwood should have Eliza at any time he wished to marry—and henceforth should be beloved as one of the family, and Mr. Bloomfield concluded by saying:

"My dear Charles, may kind heaven grant Eliza and you to shed your mutual light on each other—and may you improve, without putting out so gentle a light, that she may shine the glory of your soul and the admiration of the world!"

"Remember," said Robert, "and don't let love so unnerve your arm, as to abandon shooting, when you bear in mind that the lovely prize was gained by that most useful of all weapons in a new country—an American rifle."

FAIRFIELD.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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"Of man, what see we but his station here."

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### BUTLER.

Richard Butler, a brave officer during the war of the American revolution, sustained the office of colonel at the close of the struggle with Great Britain. He was a lieutenant colonel of Morgan's rifle corps, and distinguished himself in a remarkable manner on many occasions. He was a bold and intrepid soldier, and possessed in a high degree, the confidence of the commander-in-chief.

Lee, in his memoirs of the war, in the southern department, gives an account of an affair between the British and American troops, while a detachment of the American army under general Lafayette, lay near Williamsburg, Virginia, the head quarters of lord Cornwallis, in 1781.

"While in his camp before Williamsburg, the British general learnt that we had some boats and stores on the Chickahominy river. Hither he detached lieutenant colonel Simcoe with his corps and the Yagers to destroy them.—This service was promptly performed; but the American general, having discovered from his exploring parties, the march of Simcoe, detached on the 26th, lieutenant colonel Butler, of the Pennsylvania line, the renowned second and rival of Morgan at Saratoga. The rifle corps under the majors Call and Willis, and the cavalry, which did not in the whole exceed one hundred and twenty effectives, composed Butler's van. Major M'Pherson, of Pennsylvania, led this corps; and having mounted some infantry behind the remnant of Armand's dragoons, overtook Simcoe on his return near Spencer's plantation, six or seven miles above Williamsburg. The suddenness of M'Pherson's attack threw the Yagers into confusion; but the queen's rangers quickly

deployed, and advanced to the support of the Yagers.

"Call and Willis had now got up to M'Pherson with their riflemen, and the action became fierce. Lieutenant Lollar at the head of a squadron of Simcoe's hussars, fell on Armand's remnant, and drove it out of line, making lieutenant Bresco and some privates prisoners.

Following his blow, Lollar turned upon our riflemen, then pressing upon the queen's rangers, and at the same moment captain Ogilvie, of the legion of cavalry, who had been sent that morning from camp with one troop for the collection of forage, accidentally appeared on our left flank. The rifle corps fell back in confusion upon Butler, drawn up in the rear with his continentals. Satisfied with the repulse of the assailing troops, lieutenant colonel Simcoe began to retire; nor was he further pressed by Butler, as Cornwallis had moved with the main body on hearing the first fire, to shield Simcoe. Lafayette claimed the advantage in this encounter, and states his enemy's loss to be sixty killed, and one hundred wounded; whereas lord Cornwallis acknowledges the loss of only three officers and thirty privates, killed and wounded. Among the former was lieutenant Jones, a much admired young officer.

"What was our loss in killed and wounded does not appear in the report of Lafayette; but three officers and twenty-eight privates were taken."

When general St. Clair was appointed to the command of the army against the western Indians, colonel Butler was selected as second in command. In the battle of November 4, 1791, which terminated in the defeat of St. Clair, he commanded the right wing of the army, with the rank of general. "It was on this occasion, that the intrepid Butler closed his military career in death: his coolness preserved, and courage remaining unshaken, till the last moment of existence. While enabled to keep the field, his exertions were truly heroic. He repeatedly led his men to the charge, and with slaughter drove the enemy before him; but being at length compelled to retire to his tent, from the number and severity of his wounds, he was receiving surgical aid, when a ferocious warrior rushing into his presence, gave him a mortal blow with his tomahawk. But even then the gallant soldier died not unrevenged. He had anticipated this catastrophe, and discharging a pistol which he held in his hand, lodged its contents into the breast of his enemy, who uttered a hideous yell, fell by his side, and expired!"

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

*Two Faults.*—A gentleman once bought a horse of a country dealer. "Now, my friend," said he, "I have bought your horse because I

liked his appearance. I asked you no questions. Tell me now his faults, you know I have paid you—therefore you have nothing to fear." "Faults," replied the man, "I know of no faults except two."—"What are they?"—"Why, sir, he is hard to catch." "I do not mind that," said he "if he be the devil. But what is the other fault?" rejoined he, with some impatience.—"Ah! sir," replied Hodge, scratching his pate, "he is good for nothing when you have caught him!"

*Negro Wit.*—Some few years ago, a gentleman crossed the Patomac eastward, below Bladensburg, being destined for that place. Coming to the main road, he turned to the right instead of the left. Having travelled about a mile, he overtook a black man, and inquired whether he was on the right road to Bladensburg, "Yes Massa," was the answer, "you are on the right road to Bladensburg, but you must turn your horse's head t'other way, or you will never get there."

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### MORALIST.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Prov. xvi. 18.

How different from pride, was that humility of heart, which characterized our Saviour in the days of his flesh. How little did he value the pomp, and vain glory of a sinful world—He knew not to give flattering distinctions to men; but condescended to them of low estate. From among them, he chose the promulgators of his ever blessed gospel—from among them, his companions and friends—they did he commission to "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead," &c. How affectionately does he call to the "Weary and heavy laden"—"Learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." Happy would it have been for mankind in every age of the world, if they had obeyed the gracious invitation. What but the hardness of heart, engendered by the proud and pharisaic spirit of those who could say to their fellow men, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou," gave birth to those bitter persecutions which have disgraced the world? In which the rack, the flame and the sword, were used by infuriated bigots, to torture those who happened to differ from them in their religious opinions. But they reaped their reward; "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

He who a storm shall raise, within his breast,  
With which to overwhelm his fellow worm;  
Shall bid in vain its raging billows rest,  
When he's in peace, 'gainst whom was rais'd the storm.

What but the same haughty and tyrannical spirit, could induce men, to endeavour to justify to themselves and to the world, the horrid practice of brutally kidnapping and enslaving

their fellow creatures? What but the same spirit, which leads men, clothed with a little brief authority, to esteem themselves better than others; though "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," could lead the legislators of our country so long to allow that shameful practice? A practice, which has brought upon our national character a blot, which ages shall not wash away. The day of retribution to us, as a nation, must come.—God's chariot wheels, though they may be slow are sure, and will bring "Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil." Are not Africans subject to the same passions and feelings that we are? Will they not—have they not, in some instances, said to their oppressors:

"If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

May something be done to avert the threatening storm before it is too late—may slavery be abolished—may our southern brethren nobly assist to break the chains, which our fathers have riveted on the poor degraded sons and daughters of Africa. Some may say such a measure would injure, and endanger the whites. Was the heartless dealer in slaves, ever turned from his purpose, by the fear of heaping misery on their devoted heads? And shall the fear of danger or inconvenience, be suffered to impede the progress of justice?—God of justice and mercy forbid! Too long has freedom been withheld from those who have the same unalienable right to Liberty as ourselves; then let Americans burst the bands of selfishness and cold-hearted policy, and loudly proclaim the captives free. But the bigot and the slave-dealer are not the only characters, who suffer humanity, and every finer feeling of their souls, to be benumbed by the indulgence of a haughty and domineering spirit. In our intercourse with the world, we daily meet those who set at naught the example and precepts of our Saviour, by treating their brethren with scorn; for all are brethren. "Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?" But do they find rest to their souls in so doing? Can poor dependent worms of the dust, that know not what a day may bring forth, find rest in speaking contemptuously of their fellows? Are they rich in this world's goods? "Riches make to themselves wings and fly away," or if they leave not us; the time draws near when we must leave them—when one little spot of earth will be the only possession of each individual; whether he has rolled in wealth, or whether he has begged his bread. But haughtiness of spirit is not confined to the wealthy, neither is it always possessed by them. We know not, on what their pretensions to superiority are founded, who are most infected by it. There are some who stretch every nerve, to move in a partic-

ular circle of society, which they call the highest; and look with an eye of disdain on those without its pale. And if any of that circle, more liberal minded than the rest, happen to visit those of a different class, it is matter of astonishment to these, how they can associate with such persons. By putting on such airs they expose themselves to a thousand mortifications, which are never aimed at the humble and unassuming. Ever in fear of falling, they hesitate not to prop themselves with the hard earnings of the very persons they despise; and by this means, like the daw, strut in borrowed feathers. Some there are who feel themselves above others, on account of their superior goodness. We would honour virtue, but we much mistrust its genuineness, when not accompanied by charity towards the failings of others. If any have erred, those who have been less guilty ought to be thankful that they have not fallen by the like temptations. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall;" and sooth with the voice of pity and consolation those that have gone out of the way; that they may not by unkindness, be plunged deeper into the gulf of vice.

Such pride and haughtiness of spirit ill becomes frail mortals subject to all the vicissitudes of time, and whose fragile forms must soon rest beneath the clods of the valley; for though he that indulges himself in it, may flourish to outward appearance like "the Green bay tree," yet will it wither and destroy the best affections of his heart; and make enemies of those, whose friendship would brighten his path, in the dark hour of adversity.

#### SUMMARY.

Mr. Peleg Harlow, of Amenia, in Dutchess county, has invented a model for a cast iron plough beam and handle, which he is confident will be of great utility to the farming interest. The beam and handle is cast hollow, and weighs but little if any more than those of wood.

A gentleman in Hartford, (Conn.) is now engaged in writing a work, to be entitled, "Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, Liberator of the Independent Republics of South America—with a succinct History of the events in which he was principal actor."

Mr. R. Dennis, of Rahway, (N. J.) has invented a new Steam Engine, without fly wheels, a level, or dead centre. The object is to save the power lost on the common engines at what are called dead points.

An invaluable prize, the Journal of the celebrated traveller Mungo Park, has lately been discovered by Lieutenant Clapperton, in the interior of Africa. This officer has successfully explored the wilds where Park lost his life, and has returned to England.

Take brick dust, sifted very fine, rub it with a pumice stone upon mahogany wood until perfectly smooth, then add spirits of wine, and continue rubbing it a short time, and the result will be a beautiful polish, much more durable than any other.

#### DIED,

At her late residence in Claverack, Mrs. CHRISTINA HUBBARD, in the 69th year of her age.

In this city, on the 11th inst. Mrs. MATILDA McCANN, wife of Mr. Henry McCann, aged 37 years.

On Tuesday, the 6th inst. CAROLINE ELIZABETH RIEL, infant daughter of Henry Riel formerly of this city.



## POETRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE ORPHAN BOY.

*"I saw a little beggar boy,  
As o'er the waste he sped;  
His feet the wintry frost had nipp'd,  
The wind beat on his head."*

The wintry winds blew chilling o'er  
The barren hill and vale,  
When wand'ring from my cottage door,  
I saw with visage pale,  
A boy, adown whose cheeks the tears  
Of wo were running fast,  
Seated beneath a tree that rears  
Its branches to the blast.

I bade him wipe the tears away,  
And tell me why he sigh'd;  
He spoke, and said—"Twas yesterday  
My widow'd mother died;—  
My father died long years ago—  
Then fled our ev'ry joy;  
My mother pin'd—she now is low,  
And I an orphan boy.

I've wander'd far, through cold and wet,  
In hopes to find a home—  
But to this hour no friend have met—  
I can no farther roam:—  
I've ask'd in vain from morn till now,  
'Tis folly more to try;  
My limbs are cold—the north winds blow—  
Neglected I must die."

I rais'd the little wand'ring child  
From off his bed of snow,  
And spake to him in accents mild—  
His thanks began to flow,  
Years have pass'd by since that bleak day—  
His pleasures nought alloy;  
And often will he thanking say—  
"You sav'd an orphan boy." HENRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. WHAT IS ETERNAL LIFE?

O! what is life? eternal life—  
Immortal life in heav'n?  
'Tis joy—'tis bliss—an end of grief,  
By God it's freely giv'n.

O! what is life? 'tis solid good,  
Which shall forever last;  
Ne'er swept away, by wind or flood;  
To us, in Christ, made fast.

O! what is life? an ocean broad,  
With shores of heav'nly bliss—  
A gift to mortal men from God,  
Of which they ne'er shall miss.

O! what is life? a stream of love,  
That is both deep and broad,  
Which all shall see and taste above;  
It flows from throne of God.

O! what is life? a living light,  
Music of heav'nly spheres;  
This always sounds—that ever bright  
And beautiful appears.

O! what is life? a pleasant road,  
Which ne'er will wear away;  
Where we shall walk with Israel's God,  
A long eternal day.

O! what is life? a glor'ous truth,  
A bright reality—  
A diamond 'tis of sterling worth—  
'Tis immortality.

O! what is life? 'tis God to know,  
And Jesus Christ the Lord:  
Our life will then, begin below,  
If we obey his word. ELLEN.

### BEAUTY.

What is beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel—a glass—  
A bubble—a plaything—a rose—  
'Tis the sun, dew, or air; 'tis so many things rare,  
That 'tis nothing one well may suppose.

'Tis a jewel, love's token; glass easily broken;  
A bubble that vanisheth soon;  
A plaything that boys cast away when it cloy;  
A rose quickly faded and strewn.

Like the air it is felt; like snow it will melt;  
It refresheth the heart like the dew;  
And as nothing can vie with a brilliant blue eye,  
'Tis like nothing, sweet lady, but you.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! say not woman's love is light,  
Or that the smile,  
Which plays upon her lips so bright,  
Is falsehood's wile;  
No! woman's love will ne'er decay,  
Though all that pleased be passed away!  
Then say not that her smile, though gay,  
Will e'er beguile.

Oh! think not woman's heart is cold,  
Nor weeps her eye—  
Or that the bosom you behold  
Ne'er breathes a sigh:  
No! woman's heart is warm and true,  
Though meek and mild as morning dew;  
Then, think not that her love for you  
Too soon will die!

### ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—A Wife.

PUZZLE II.—A Husband.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I'm clear, and smooth, and often cut,  
And often on your table put;  
Take off a letter, and you'll find,  
What to possess, I'm much inclin'd;  
Take off another, and you'll see,  
A name for neither you nor me.

II.

Why is the letter t in the word citizen, like a persons nose?

### LOTTERY TICKETS

*For Sale at this Office.*

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